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THE SMALLEST SPECIMEN YET.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 19th, 1890.—No. 676.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

May we say a word or two to the Disgruntled Republican? He is greatly disgruntled at present, and we do not think that he is treating his President fairly. He says—and truly enough—that Mr. Harrison is conducting a most unsatisfactory administration: that he is neither a statesman nor a politician: that he pleases nobody—except possibly himself—and that he is altogether the smallest man who has ever sat in Washington's seat.

\* \* \*  
But, O Disgruntled Republican! why not? Why should his administration be satisfactory? Why should he be statesmanlike or discreet and clever in his policy? Why should he please any one but himself? What reason have you ever had to expect such things of him? Reflect. Be just. Consider what he was and who he was when you voted for him, and how and why he came to be nominated. And, to begin with, lay your hand on your heart and promise to answer truly one single question—supposing you to be neither a politician nor an inhabitant of the State of Indiana. Did you, on the first day of May, 1888, know the full name of the gentleman who is now the President of the United States? Did you know whether it was Benjamin Harrison, or Benjamin W. Harrison, or Benjamin W. H. Harrison, or John P. Q. Philander Harrison?

\* \* \*  
You did not know? Of course you did not. Why should you? What had Mr. Harrison been or done that you should be familiar with his name? Barring the fact that he was the grandson of William Henry Harrison, there was nothing about him to distinguish him from the scores of excellent, respectable men who have gone through the war with credit, and served a term or two in their State Legislatures or in the National Congress, without making themselves conspicuous for real ability or for incompetence, for merit or for demerit. You could not throw a stone in Washington, while Congress is in session, without hitting a half-dozen men of just Mr. Harrison's mental calibre, and with closely similar records.

\* \* \*  
Still, you nominated Mr. Harrison for the Presidency—or, rather, you permitted your party leaders to nominate him. You elected him—or, rather, you permitted your party leaders to elect him, by means of a vile political "deal" in New York State, and by the open purchase of votes in Indiana. And now you have him in the White House, President of the United States, Chief Magistrate of sixty-five or seventy millions of people—and you are displeased to find that he does you no credit—nay, more, you are inclined to find fault with him, and to be angry because his administration brings your party into general disfavor. You see that he can please neither the politicians nor the men who demand that the national government shall be guided by motives higher than those of pure partisanship. You see that he has no tact, no discretion, no knowledge of human nature: that he is stubborn where he would be wise to yield, yielding where firmness would be his salvation. You see that party pressure moves him to-day, and his own personal predilection the next. You see that he has no conception of the dignity of his office: that he is petulant, arrogant, narrow; never sure of himself, misled by his vanity, incapable of high purpose or sustained effort. And therefore you are angry. Are you fair to him?

\* \* \*  
You allowed this good little man to be taken from his Indianapolis Sunday-school, and made President of the United States. Now you condemn him because he is not a statesman, a patriot, a great man generally. This is neither reasonable nor just. If you want a statesman for President, you must nominate a statesman. When you let your party leaders nominate a man whose name you can not tell in full, you have no right to suppose that the man is a statesman. Statesmen are known to the world. Nobody ever was in doubt as to Henry Clay's name, or as to Daniel Webster's. Nobody wonders whether Mr. Sumner's name was Charles or John. But you accepted as the candidate of your party, as your banner-bearer, your champion, your representative, a man who had been in public life for many years, without impressing his individuality upon the people sufficiently to make the ordinary citizen remember his name. What earthly right have you to ask of this man that he should, President or not President, be any thing more than what he is—

a good little Indianapolis lawyer, a useful church-member, the head of a respectable but uninteresting family? Of course he makes a poor showing as a President. Whose fault is that? Yours. You made him President.

Germany's young Emperor can not be accused of an unwillingness to come to the front. For a monarch just seated on the throne of his fathers, he has made himself a most noticeable, and, it must be said, a most interesting figure. Whether this young man will prove to be the energetic, pushing, innovating ruler that he evidently takes himself to be, is something fairly to be doubted. The conservative spirit of continental Europe has often reduced bolder souls than his to a state of tranquil "indifferentism"—as they call it on the other side of the water—and the young Emperor has yet to show that he is able to carry out his brave promises of energy and enterprise. In the French phrase, he has yet to "make his proofs." It is too soon to hazard a guess as to what he will turn out. He may be a Prussian Napoleon—he may be a Pio Nono of imperialism: his whole mature life a peaceful, placid negation of its earlier promise.

\* \* \*  
The Emperor's latest public utterance, his call for an international congress to discuss the labor question, seems to be, from its very simplicity and innocence, a guarantee of his sincerity and good faith. It is perfectly natural that a young monarch, becoming suddenly aware of the suffering of the poor, should at once resolve to remedy the whole matter by calling together a congress of wise men, whose conclusions should set things straight at once. It could not be expected that he would remember that such a congress, to do any good, should have been convened some thousand years before Jesus Christ enunciated the Golden Rule. The question was open, the problem waited solution, in the reign of the Emperor Augustus, and it was the same question, the same problem, when the pyramids were built and when Persian slaves reared the pillars upon which Persian monarchs inscribed the records of their glory.

\* \* \*  
There are many people in this country, like Mr. Henry George, Mr. Edward Bellamy, Dr. McGlynn and Senator Blair, who are inclined to think that poverty can be abolished with a legislative "Whereas" and a "Be it resolved;" and who are extremely indisposed to believe that individual industry, morality, energy and courage are the four cornerstones of prosperity. We have not much reason to expect that these people will ever learn wisdom. But if the young Emperor of Germany has half as much of cleverness as he has of enthusiasm, he will learn that the prosperity of his people depends more upon the solidity and integrity of each man's character than upon any special legislation that even an Emperor can frame; and that he can be more powerful in promoting such a development of character than he could be in dictating legislation to the Reichstag.



MUTUALLY SUSPICIOUS.

CASHIER.—I see by the papers that the Montreal carnival will not be held this year.

PRESIDENT.—So I understand. Had you thought of going up?

CASHIER.—Oh, no! Had you?

## UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF COFFEE

A Poet's Poetical Post Prandial

Reverie

He sees through odorous sprays a landscape soft,  
Songful with birds;  
Meadows where flowers subtlest incense waft  
'Round lazy herds,  
  
Where skies are blue and dimpling clouds are  
white,  
Where Zephyr sighs  
On seas of waving creamy lilies, bright  
With butterflies,  
  
Where all is brighter than the brightest dream  
That Pleasure knows,  
Where the calm bosom of the crystal stream  
Pictures the rose,  
  
Where there's not e'en the shadow of a care  
To mar the peace  
Of that celestial region, sweetly fair,  
Where joys increase.  
  
He sees the temple of the gorgeous East  
In glory rise;  
And in the fountain sees Zuleika feast  
Her dusky eyes.

He sees portières of dazzling silken stuff  
Cool breezes fret;  
He sees the sleepy caliph idly puff  
His cigarette.  
  
He hears unto the rose the nightingale  
Serenely sing;  
He sees the cooing ring-dove o'er the vale  
On happy wing.  
  
Amid the spicy odors strangely sweet  
Are faintly seen  
The twinkle of the supple dancer's feet  
And tambourine.  
  
These pictures through the poet's vision flit,  
The East he sees,—  
Although his coffee's brewed of common split  
Canadian peas.

R. K. M.



## HE ANTICIPATED THE STORM.

IRATE CUSTOMER (thrusting his head through the skylight doorway).—Say, what sort of a place do you call this, any how?

OPERATOR (somewhat absorbed in adjusting his camera).—Photograph gallery. Did n't you notice the sign over the door?

IRATE CUSTOMER.—Photograph gallery? Yes! I sat for my pictures here over a month ago, and I have n't got them yet. I'd just like to know what in thunder you've been doing?

OPERATOR (with pleasant willingness to impart information).—Smoking cigarettes, drinking beer, and lounging 'round on the chairs and boxes. We're not fit to run the business, and our work, besides being poor, is always behindhand. We keep our customers running after us until they're tired and disgusted, and make up their minds that they would not sit

for us again if we paid them ten dollars a sitting. But if there is any thing I can do for you?—

IRATE CUSTOMER (in a moderated voice).—I'd like to have those pictures as soon as possible. Could n't you print me a few by next week?

M. S. B.

## THE REASON WHY.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old."  
He strode within the baron's hall,  
Yet no one blamed him for his gall.  
He always found his welcome kind—  
He did n't call "the wind" "the wined."



## NOT A HAPPY THOUGHT.

"My dear, I shall ask Mr. Washington Hides to bring you a pair of skates from the city."

"Oh, Mommerdear! perish the thought! Why, I'd have to tell him what number shoes I wear."

## TOO PARTICULAR.

"Here, waiter! There's a fly in this soup."

"Wal, Lord 'a' massy, Mistah—whad do you want? A presidential candidate?"

## THE CIRCULATION OF THE FUTURE.

"What is your circulation now?"

"Oh, we've stopped counting the copies; but we sold 110 tons of the paper last week."

## IT WAS N'T A CHANGE OF HEART.

MAME.—Why, only last week you said that nothing your father and mother could say would ever make you marry Rob Bobbett, and now you've engaged yourself to him. Why did you do it?

Lou.—It was something Rob said himself. He had n't asked me last week.

## A CITY OF THE DEAD.

LITTLE MARIE BROWNE STONE (of New York, on her first visit to Philadelphia).—Mama, who's dead?

MRS. JAMES BROWNE STONE.—The inhabitants, dear.

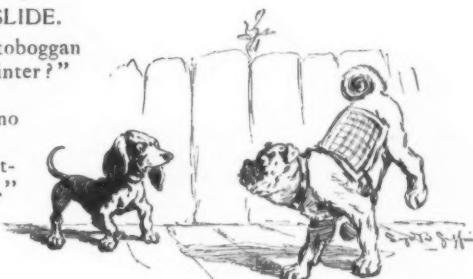
## LETTING 'EM SLIDE.

"What are you toboggan men men doing this Winter?"

"Same as usual."

"But how—with no snow?"

"Oh, we're just letting our toboggans slide."



THE SMOKER would do better nowadays to hang the average tobacco on the wall, and smoke the pictures that are used to advertise it.

## FASHION'S SLAVE.

LUGSY.—Goin' into the circus business, Pugsy?  
PUGSY.—Naw! I put my tail up in papers last night, and it curls so tight this morning, I can't get my hind feet on the ground.

## PUCK'S HEALTH APHORISMS.

**E**AT moderately. Over-indulgence at the free lunch counter is often cured only by resorting to the most heroic measures. "Bounce" is a nauseous drug.

If you are troubled with cold feet at night, a divorce sometimes will effect a cure.

If you live in a boarding-house do not indulge in cocktails before breakfast. They induce an abnormal appetite which the landlady will only cater to at advanced rates.

Never leave any powerful little homœopathic pills where your children can reach them. In their happy, childish ignorance, they might eat the whole bottle full, and any thing sweet is bad for the teeth.

Too much care can not be observed in regard to change in clothing. That painful malady known as "Azure Distemper" is easily controlled by a few dollars in one's pocket.

Abstain from the use of scriptural language when opening tomato cans. Any undue excitement is bad for the nerves. Tomato-cans are not congressional sessions, and should be opened with can openers, and not with prayer.

There is often sympathy between extremes. For example, if a dog is happy and contented in his mind, his tail wags unconsciously. Therefore, if you would avoid headache in the morning, do not go to bed with your boots on the night before.

At certain seasons of the year fruit should be partaken of sparingly. Strawberries at twenty-five dollars the small cup induce palpitation in the region of the vest pocket.

When purchasing quinine, do not excite yourself with fear that the druggist may unconsciously substitute morphine. The recent heavy reduction in the price of quinine has rendered such mistakes impossible.

Never drink between drinks. It will be recalled that neither the Governor of North Carolina nor the Governor of South Carolina ever became President of the United States, nor achieved distinction in professional base-ball circles.

Beware of the smooth and blushing sausage. Remember that beauty is but skin-deep.

**MY HERO.**  
Napoleon was a dandy,  
J. Caesar was no fool,  
Rienzi was a marvel,  
And Charlemagne could rule.

But wait — perhaps a decade,  
And then, by George, you'll see  
What people think of all that crowd  
When they have heard of me!

Carlyle Smith.

"**MONEY BAGS**" — But not at the knee.

**WENT OUT ON A HOT FLY** — Elijah.

**REVENGE IS SWEET** — A sort of Cain sugar.

**WEE ARE THE PEOPLE** — In Lilliput.

**A DOCTOR'S OFFICE** — To Cure.

**WHERE EXTREMES MEET** — In the Tow-Headed Youth.



## HISTORY ASKEW.

**MRS. BUCKLEY** (*coming into the nursery*). — What is all that noise I hear downstairs?

**BERKELEY BUCKLEY**. — We've been chuckin' Dan'l into th' den of lions, an' he's stuck in th' mouth of th' cave.

## THE STRANDED THESPIAN.

Once he hid his smooth chin in his mighty fur collar,  
As he strode the Rialto with grace.—  
But his coat now has gone, and he's on his last dollar,  
And the fur grows all over his face.

## MORE OF PUCK'S E. C'S.

*The N. Y. Observer* — Inspector Byrnes.

*The Utah Standard* — Fourteen Wives.

*The Saloon Journal* — The Barrel Organ.

*The Open Court* — The Boarding-House Parlor Variety.

**TO THE SPORTSMAN**, a bird in the bush is worth two out of sight.

**COLORADO MOTHER**. — Here, you Sal! Wot 're yo' doin'?  
**SALLY (aged 9)**. — Herdin' the baby.

**NO GOOD REASON FOR BEING IN DEBT** — The letter B.

**SMOKING RUINS** — Some Say It Does n't, Though.

**REED'S GREATNESS** is like one of his quorums,—all in his eye.

**SISYPHUS GOT**, for his iniquity, the first sermon in stone.

**POLITICAL FENCES** are of the stake and rider pattern.

**A JEW'S HARP** — "Money, Money, Money."

**FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED** — Soup.

**THE NOTE** of the jail-bird is forged.

**OLD P'INT COMFORT** — The Pocket Flask.



## FINANCIERING.

**PHILLYLOO**. — That Hokeson's getting to be a regular beat. What do you suppose he's sent the usher with this note for?

**MRS. PHILLYLOO**. — I'm sure I don't know.

**PHILLYLOO**. — Wants me to lend him the twenty dollars I borrowed of him yesterday, until to-morrow.



#### SHOPPING.

MRS. MULLARKEY. — L'ave us see yure grossy-grain fer thrimmin's.

MRS. BURKE. — Pfwhat's this Valinchy lace a yar-r-nd, av it's rale?

MISS WHELAN (*a stranger*). — Wait an me, foorst-aff. Oi hod me grip on that patthern befoor them aist-siders kem in.

MRS. MULLARKEY. — Yure th' leddy.

MISS WHELAN. — Yez can tell th' troot.

THE SALESMAN. — Perhaps this piece will suit you as well, Madam?

MRS. MULLARKEY. — Perhaps yure pigs is crocodiles. It's th' divil's own lookin' shuff any way, an' she can hov it.

MRS. BURKE. — Yez'll oblige me wid th' cost o' this tearin' av possyminterry.

THE SALESMAN. — One-twenty a yard; check!

MRS. BURKE. — No; phain.

THE SALESMAN. — All the same, Madam. One-twenty a yard.

MRS. BURKE. — Sure a front yar r-nd in Har-r-lem's no dearer. Oi'm no Dicess av Hammerslag, av Oi am will drissed.

MRS. MULLARKEY. — You hoy yure umbrilly caught in me fringe.

MRS. BURKE. — Oi'm beggin' yure pardin, but that kine silver handle do be th' bother av me wid th' thwist it hoz.

MISS WHELAN (*receiving her package*). — Thim Oirish must scar' yez life, young man. Yez can sind th' camil's-wool shawl t' th' Windsy Hotel. Thrilly-loo!

MRS. MULLARKEY and MRS. BURKE (*frozen with indignation*). — Ar-r-ragh!!!

MISS WHELAN. — Yez'll find th' wan-cint counter in th' basemint. Thry it. (*Goes out*)

THE SALESMAN. — Now, then, ladies; what can I do for you?

MRS. MULLARKEY. — Aftur th' insults thot yez allowed that painted-fess huzzy t' hape on our hids, yez can do pfwhat Tim Ahern did phin his cow jumped over Darragh cliff.

THE SALESMAN. — I'm not very well-read in the classics. What was that?

MRS. MULLARKEY and MRS. BURKE. — Nothin', ye owl! (*They flounce out*.)



#### BOTH PLEASED.

"Who is the Pretty Young Lady going into the Shop, with a Book in her Hand?"

"Look over the Door, my Son, and you will see the Sign, 'Books Bought And Exchanged.' Let us step in. The Pretty Young Lady in the very knowing little Cape is a Sunday School Teacher. Her Pupils love Her very dearly. They wished to give Her a nice birthday Present. So the Big Boy with the freckled face went to the Superintendent to ask his advice. The Superintendent, too, loves Her very dearly; and thinking She would like a Good Book, told Him to buy Keble's 'Christian Year.' See, that is it, the red Book with a little cross on the Cover, that the smiling Clerk is putting upon the Shelf, and She is standing with 'Love's Martyr' in one Suede-gloved hand, and the 'Duchess's' last novel in the other.

"Ah, She has taken 'Love's Martyr,' and it is being tied up securely with pink twine.

"To-night the Superintendent will put on those Shoes with pointed toes, that hurt him so, and will call on the Pretty Teacher, and ask to see the nice Book he told the Big Boy to get Her.

"How pleased She will be!"

A.

#### A COMPLETE, BUT BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL FORAKER, RECENTLY GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Yawp! (*tentatively*.) Yawp! (*more vigorously*.) Yawp! (*confidently*.) Yawp! Yawp! (*aggressively*.) Yawp! Yawp! Yawp! (*triumphantly*.) Yawp! Yawp! Yawp! (*venomously*.) Yawp! Yawp! (*anxiously*.) Yawp! (*doubtfully*.) Yawp! (*despondently*.) Yawp-aw-aw —! (*becomes inaudible*.) Selah.



#### A MATTER OF TASTE.

RAY TROUSSEY. — But how can you think I'm pretty, when my nose turns up so dreadfully?

JAY BOUSSY. — Well, all I have to say is, that it shows mighty poor taste in backing away from such a lovely mouth.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.—A TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER MATTER.



MISS LULU (*the fat lady*).—A human bein' don't seem to have much of a show in this institution, but—



— it 's a cold day when —



— an every-day freak like that can draw the crowd away from me.

TO A CORK.

O HONEST WITNESS! silent yet and dumb,  
Thy one sweet pop is past fore'er, alack!  
Yet tellest thou the wine was made by Mumm;  
'T is stamped in letters fair across thy back.  
  
O recreant witness! with thy legend dumb,  
Thou liest like an unbelieving jay;  
The wine thou stoppedst was not made by Mumm,  
But up in Conn., or somewhere in P-a.  
  
And thou hast stooped my careless mind to cozen,  
To cheat my palate and defraud my purse;  
For fifteen cents they buy ye by the dozen  
From clubs, hotels or Del.'s. Accept my curse.

Tricotrin.

PROTECTED LABOR.

MRS. PIGMENT.—Why, what brings you home this time o' day? You said you expected a big job painting "Protection to American Labor" banners.

MR. PIGMENT (*a sign painter*).—I could n't get the job. A fellow from Castle Carden offered to do it at half my wages.

ECONOMY.

THIRSTY CUSTOMER.—Have you a ice-water handy?

SOPHUS.—Ice-water, my fren! I makes so leetle on dem goots dot I can not afford to take any t'ing to drink mit dem snowballs vat I eats.

THOUGHT HE SNEEZED.

"That's a great book."  
"What book?"  
"Bashkirtseff."  
"By Jove, old man, you have got a cold."

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE.

WEARY RAGGLES.—I'm very hungry, sir, an' if you'd give a dime fer ter git—

MUSEUM PROPRIETOR.—Hungry, eh? You're just the man I want. There's a pie-eating contest going on inside, but in order to keep up the excitement we must change the eaters every now and then, when the room is cleared. You look like one of them, and you can take his place in a few moments. I'll pay you two dollars an hour for the work.

WEARY RAGGLES (*reluctantly backing off*).—I'd 'av' accipted that offer if yer hadn't called it wor-r-rk.



IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

BEEFEATER.—That's a block and ax of the sixteenth century.

MR. DUFFIL (*pork, Cincinnati*).—They must have had terrible small hogs in them days. They ain't room enough on it t' crack a spare-rib.

IT WOULD BE A CONVENIENCE ANYWHERE.

"There should be a swearing room somewhere about here."  
"A sort of *place aux dames*."

A POKER AGONY.

"The Deuce!" he said, as trays he scanned,  
"To take the pot you're able."  
He heaved a sigh from out his hand,  
And cast it on the table.

"THAT'S DERNED FINE," said Farmer Squedunk, as he gazed up at the sign, "Teeth Extracted Without Pain—Gas Administered."  
"That's very pooty. I've got the blamedest orneriest toothache ever was, but I read the papers, I do, and I know that derned gas trick. Put you to bed, and turn on the gas. Next day there's an inquest, and a verdict: 'Another fool countryman gone.'"

NO; THE STEWARD does not necessarily have to be familiar with the club's by-laws, but he ought to know something about the constitutions of the members.

IT MAY NOT be a maxim in law; but it is frequently a fact, nevertheless that the receiver is as bad as the firm.

"I'M NO SARDINE," said the Maine herring; but they put him in a box all the same, with a French name on him that he could n't have pronounced to save his spine.

A PEPPER AND SALT costume is always seasonable.

"WHOSE STERN NEXT?" as the teacher said after spanking the worst boy in school.

JUDGING FROM the number who live in hotels, there must be millions inn it.

USURY is a profit without honor in any country.

MRS. REEDER.—I see by the papers that there has been a rebellion in the deaf and dumb asylum.

MR. REEDER.—Not rebellion, my dear; a mutiny.

"OH, NO, there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny; "oh, no! I guess there ain't. If I bite my finger-nails I catch it over the knuckles. But the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it's just cunning!"

## THREE MONTHS DID IT.



"Is SHE musical? My sister Susan? Well, I just guess she is!" said the boy up at Pine Corners. "Why, she's just dead gone on music, and I guess she's about the best musician in town. Why, she plays the melojoon for the Sunday-school, and she knows all the Moodys and Sankeys by heart, and she can play every chune she hears, first time, on a comb and a piece of paper. And when she goes singin' about the house, you'd think she knew all the music there was in the world. Don't she just make the "Bloo Jooniatter" go, and "Come on Board, Little Children," and "Music in the Air," and "Johnny Get Yer Gun!" Oh, she's 'way up in music, Sukey is. She's been visitin' Uncle's folks in New York for three months, and I bet yer she comes home with all the noo chunes. She wrote me that she got McGinty the first day, and it was boss!"

And at that very moment "Sukey" was telling a young man who called her "Miss Suzette," with the French accent on the *u*:

"Oh, dear, yes, Mr. Sidle, I don't know *how* I should live if it was n't for music. It's a part of my *being*. And Wagner has *always* been a *religion* to me. Of course, I live so *far* away, in such a *remote* place, that I can't have the advantages which you enjoy in *dear old New York*; and I have no gift for song, *myself*, but I assure you that there is n't a *day* that the divine harmonies of the *maestro* are n't passing through my *mind*, as I go silently about my household duties. Oh, dear! Do hear that *horrid* organ-grinder in the street grinding out that *vulgar* tune from "Trovatore!" Why do they let people *profane* the art in that way, Mr. Sidle?"

## AN EPITAPH.

The wrong way, all because he laughed,  
Went down the deadly fish bone.  
And now he holds aloft a shaft  
Of marble on his wish-bone.

R. K. M.

## HIGHLY ORIGINAL.

MRS. PACKER (viewing the Angelus for the first time in Chicago).—Beautiful! I can almost hear the whistle!



## SUITED.

PROWLER MOFFATT.—I hate ter rob a lady, Phil; but it fits like a bill on a board.

## UNCLE SAM'S INQUISITIVENESS.

THE DEAREST, sweetest girl is Flo.  
A beauty? No.  
Not beauty her's, nor sparkling wit.  
All this, withal, I must admit  
Is truly so.

Yet such a taking way has Flo,  
And—Money? No.  
You would n't understand it quite,  
But Rumor whispers, Rumor's right,  
That it's a go!

I. S. U.



## THE DEPOSITOR OF THE FUTURE.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Ferguson. I'd like to draw fifty dollars this morning. Thank you. Pleasant morning, is n't it? Good day!"

THE CHANGE in the National House from tomfoolery to tomreedy is not for the better.

TALKING ABOUT the national flower, what's the matter with buckwheat?

THE G. O. P. seems to think these United States were made to order. They were ready-made when they came into the Union.

THE MAN who was nipped in a bank failure has lost all his admiration for Directory wastes.

## A UNIVERSAL SYMPTOM.

UNCLE SI LOW.—What did he die of?  
DR. SCHMERZ.—Heart failure.  
UNCLE SI LOW.—'T ain't fair to joke that way, Doctor. How else could any creetur die?



## WITH APOLOGIES TO DRYDEN.

Three dummies in our modern ages born,  
Gaul, Albion and Manhattan did adorn.  
The first in head of filagree surpassed,  
The next in emptiness,—in both the last.  
The farce of Fashion could no further go;  
To make a Dude she joined the former two.





## HE BEATS BARNUM!

PUCK.



## BEHIND THE TIMES.



Mrs. GREEN had been a devoted reader of old styles of literature, and when she became a widow, she thought, in the pride of her learning, that it was unnecessary to consult any new authorities as to the course for a widow to pursue. She therefore began by making a formal resolve to "earn her bread by the perspiration of her entablature," and set out to follow the rest of the programme as it is laid down in the ancient Sunday-school stories.

Sometimes, it is true, it seemed to the lone woman that she would have to give up the struggle and work for a living; but a comparison of her case

with the cases of widows in the obsolete literature on which she founded herself, always gave her new hope. She saw that her sons were named Robert and Henry — the first, supernally good; the latter, infernally bad; that the world was cold; that Farmer Williams treated her rudely; that she lived in the town of L —, and on the banks of the H —. It would indeed have been an ungrateful heart in which the remembrance of all these blessings would not have infused good courage.

The widow saw that nothing was needed as a supplement to these things except individual effort. And she determined that the effort should be made. She cultivated a hectic flush and a frugal board. On the top shelf of the larder she placed a teapot marked, "The Widow's Scanty Hoard;" and, at night, after tucking little Robert and wayward Hank into their trundle beds — especially provided for this act — she would herself lie long awake wondering how to get money to send her eldest son to college.

And at last, after weary but hopeful months of this heroic conduct, Mrs. Green saw that it was nearly time for the decisive stroke, and she said to herself: "When blackberries are ripe, I will send Robert to gather a basket of them for his 'mother-who-is-sick,' and George Williams will be with him. And the Farmer will see them taking his fruit, and, rushing across the field with a club, he will aim a blow at Robert which will glance aside and lay out his own little son colder than a wedge. 'I forgive you, Father,' the little son will cry: 'take heart.' 'No; if you die, I must die too, for I have nobody left to love.' 'Yes, Father,' the child will solemnly reply, 'love Robert and his mother, and make them rich from your ill-gotten gains.'"

And at the appointed time she sent Robert into the field where Mr. Plowjog Williams was at work, telling the boy that he must find George, and with him pick the farmer's berries unconscious of evil; and that he must think of his sick mother, and say to himself: "How-nice-this-great-luscious-fruit-will-taste-to-her-parched-lips!"

On this errand Robert departed, singing with a merry heart; and, finding George, he got into the blackberry bushes without delay. It must



## SNUBBED.

MRS. HINKELHEIMER (*slightly near-sighted*).— I dhinks me I vill not bow to dot Meesder Ockstein. He vas geddin' too familiar mit dem Chentiles alreatty.

be stated, however, that when he came upon an especially large berry, he did not repeat the usual formula: "No-I-will-not-eat-this-I-will-save-it-for-mother-who-is-sick;" on the contrary, he gobbled the berry; and when the farmer saw him, he was not picking berries at all; but he was beguiling young Williams, after the fashion of youth, saying to that ill-starred infant: "Now, you jus' put thisyer tim'thy head in yer mouth, an' shut yer eyes, an' I'll bet ye I kin pull it out 'thout yer knowin' it." And he laid hold of the stem and yanked; and young Williams, who had been desirous of learning something of the entertaining tricks of legerdemain, was left with a little experience in the treachery of man and a mouth full of hayseed.

It was at this moment that the farmer arrived upon the scene. He bore a club. It was the club that the widow expected him to bear. He aimed a blow, and this was the blow that the widow expected to glance aside, hit George, and open the flood-gates of his melting eloquence. But it did not glance; it hit Robert, and that youth, not understanding the whole scope of his mother's plan, believed that everything necessary had been accomplished, and he started for home on a quick run.

But, strange as it may seem, there is no cloud without a silver lining. The widow knew this, and she had courage. She sued the farmer for injuries inflicted on Robert, whom she alleged to be her only support, and obtained in damages what to her seemed quite a nice pot of money.

At the outset of her new life the widow was radiantly happy, and she gave thanks to the authors of the obsolete literature for their hints as to a struggling widow's procedure. But, alas!

With leisure for new studies, she unavoidably learned that by present standards her success had been but paltry; she saw that she had been behind the times.

In the present day, a widow may be gay, volatile, coquettish; thus fascinating the heart of man. Or, if a broken-hearted widow is really of a refined, timid and tender nature, she may, with Christian resignation and for the sake of "securing a home for the dear children," put herself temptingly in the way of a handsome, middle-aged bachelor with a million dollars. No woman need think this course incompatible with the most inconsolable grief — and probably no woman ever will think so.

This teaches us that the styles of hypocrisy are constantly improving, and that this is a great world.

Williston Fish.



## NOT A BOGARDUS.

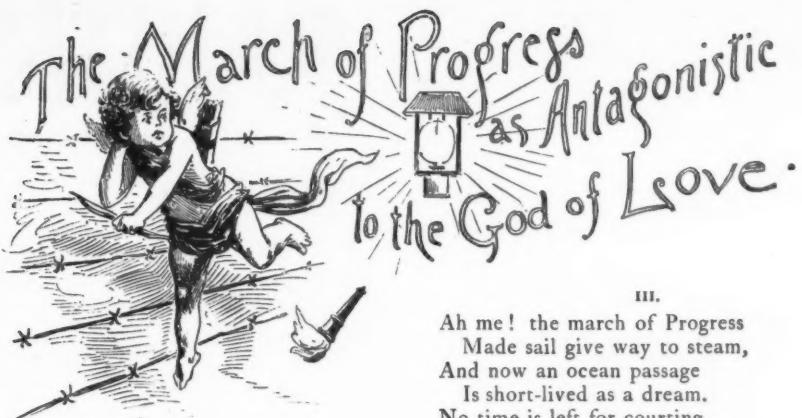
MRS. TOWER.—What is that gas-pipe doing there, Michael?

THE HEAD GARDENER.—Oi heard Mr. Tiffy say he wor goin' t' shoot again after luncheon, Ma'am; an' Oi'm thryin' t' save th' lodge from bein' woiped out intoirely.



## "AFTER THE BLOW;"—

*A Marine Scene.*



**I.**  
AH ME! the march of Progress  
Is driving Love from hence,  
For how can parting lovers talk  
Across a barb-wire fence?  
No swinging gate to lean on,  
No high fence with its bars,  
Which seemed to shut out Eden,  
Where two eyes gleamed bright as stars.

**II.**  
Ah me! the march of Progress  
Exiles the great log fire,  
The stove severe and blackly grim  
Can no fair thoughts inspire.  
The tallow dip is fated—  
Gas in its place burns bright;  
The candle had an end some time,  
But the gas will burn all night.

**III.**  
Ah me! the march of Progress  
Made sail give way to steam,  
And now an ocean passage  
Is short-lived as a dream.  
No time is left for courting  
Upon the steamers fast—  
You meet a maid—scarce know her,  
When, behold! the journey's past.

**IV.**  
Ah me! the march of Progress  
Has brought the railroad car;  
More enchanting was the stage-coach  
With its rumble and its jar.  
As the train speeds swiftly onward  
It suggests unrest and strife—  
You have no time left for loving,  
You have scarcely time for life.

**V.**  
And now the march of Progress  
An idol has o'erthrown,  
Which this age iconoclastic  
Had left to me alone.  
Through the streets of ev'ry village  
Blaze the great electric lights—  
And the porch has lost its romance  
Through the balmy Summer nights.

Flavel Scott Mines.

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**STANDS TO REASON** — The Passenger who Returns from the Smoker, only to find his Seat taken by Mr. W. Fearless Gall.

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**SECOND ROMAN ACTOR.** — Verily, Caius, I have not a denarius about me!

**FIRST ROMAN ACTOR.** — This is rough! Here I must play Queen Hecuba to-night, and I've got a two-weeks' beard on my chin!

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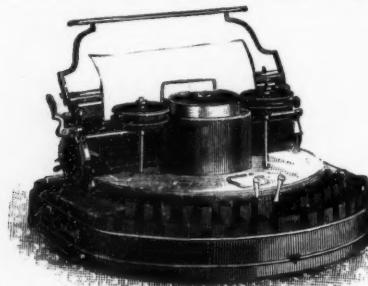
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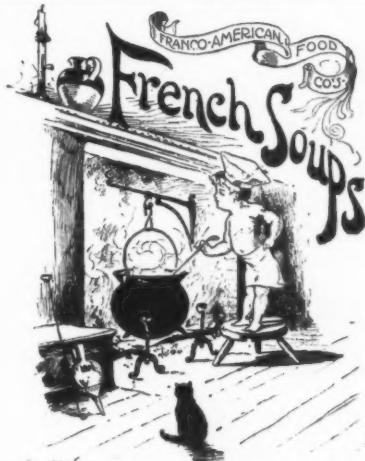
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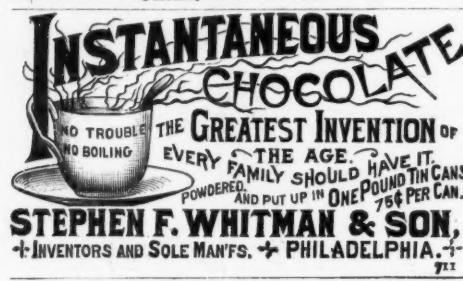
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"Nayther am Oi, thank Hivin, begobs."—  
Epoch.

MISS MADISON (of New York).—How did  
you like the gondola your uncle sent to you  
from Venice?

MISS CALUMET (of Chicago).—We did n't like  
it at all. It was a dreadful black color, and was  
too slow for any thing; but Papa had it painted  
red and white, and put a naphtha engine in it,  
so that it is very nice now.—Yale Record.

THE bite of an adder—The bank clerk's  
lunch.—Harvard Lampoon.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

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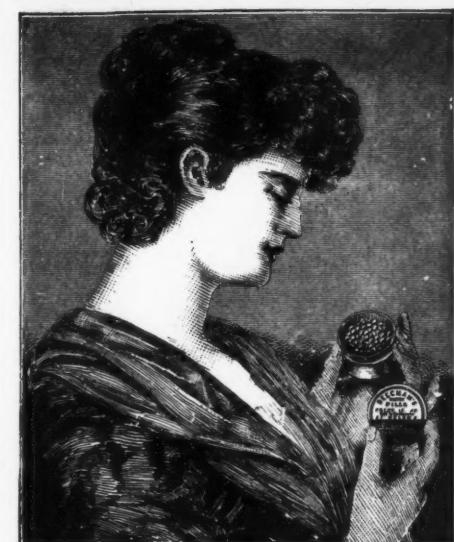
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five minutes is it! Be jabers! That must be  
what they calls a Rushin' bath.—Yale Record.



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AT HIS UNCLE'S.—YELLOWLY (consulting his watch).—Is your watch going, Brownly?  
BROWNLY (despondently).—Going? It's gone.  
—Boston Courier.

Now that stripes are la mode with the dudes, it is time that respectable convicts were furnished different wearing apparel.—Prison Mirror.

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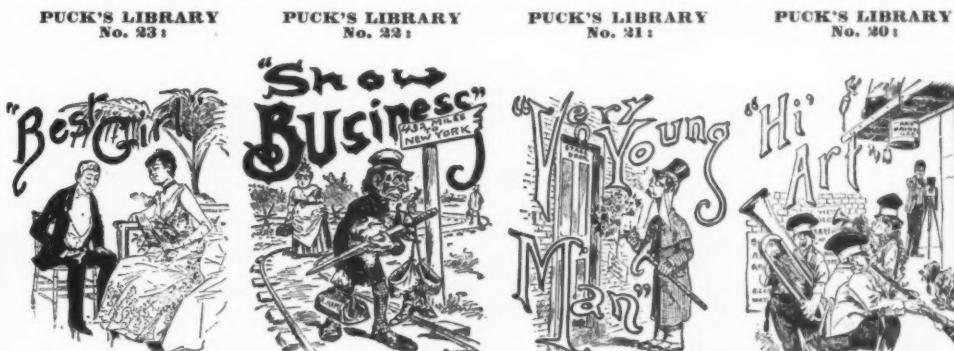
### A DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

HOSTESS.—Wall, Eldah, dinnah 's all ready. I guess ef yo' jes hitch yo' chah up to the table, now—

HOST.—Neb' min' 'bout movin'. Ike, jes tek hol' dat en' de table, an' slide it up to de Eldah.—Harper's Bazaar.

AT OLD POINT.—CADELY (to supposed widow).—Mrs. Bronson, you see me on my knees before you. Will you—won't you, be my wife?

MRS. BRONSON.—No, Mr. Cadley, I can not; but I'll introduce you to my husband when he arrives, and may be he'll be a brother to you.—Harper's Weekly.

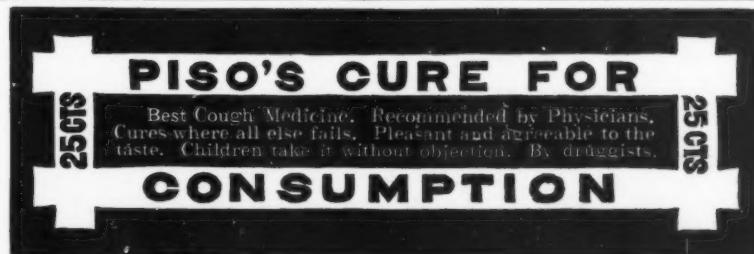


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